

Descendants of Denzel Billy Joe Brewer

Generation No. 1

1. Denzel Billy Joe⁵ Brewer (Leeburn Herbert Whitehorse⁴, Lewis³, Isom², Willis B.¹) was born 26 Oct 1936 in Malaga, Wolfe, Kentucky, USA. He married **Pauline Nadine Borders** 16 Mar 1957 in Jackson, Michigan, USA. She was born 16 Aug 1937 in Jackson, Jackson, Michigan, USA.

Notes for Denzel Billy Joe Brewer:

HISTORY OF THE BREWER CLAN

All the children were born in Wolfe County, Kentucky, a small town in the foothills, between sunrise and a wish to be in far off places. This was a community of hard working and caring people of meager means. We were all born at home in our Mother's bed. The first thing I remember about my life was playing cowboys and Indians behind our house at Malaga, Kentucky, a small settlement south of Campton, Kentucky. I would climb up on my stick horse and ride off in the sunset, mimicking my older brothers. The house set low in the valley and there was a high hill behind our house. I remember running down the hill one day and one of my brothers tried to stop me before I ran into a barb wire fence at the bottom, but I was into the fence before anyone reached me, snagged a hole in my right side. My brother ran and got my Mother who cleaned and dressed my side with her gentle hands. I don't remember how long it took to heal but it is a good guarantee that I never did that fool stunt again. I can remember an elderly lady who smoked a corn cob pipe used to visit my Mother, this lady had a big mole on the left side of her face just below her left nostril, my Mother called her Aunt Sally; but a lot of women in those days were called aunt. The next thing I remember was our little clapboard house located up from the campground, which was one of our favorite places to play. Our water supply was a small crisp clear well located at the foot of a small hill, across the creek and in front of our house. We kept our milk and anything that required refrigeration in that well. Our milk supply was from a big Holstein cow we named "Old Hart". This cow was just like one of the family and gave enough milk to supply our whole family and anyone who visited. I don't remember how long Old Hart was with us but I vividly remember the day she died. She had gotten into some green corn and ate a huge amount and then drank lots of water. The water caused the green corn to expand in her stomach, before Dad could do anything, such as release the gas, she died. This was like losing one of the family, not only for the milk supply that we desperately needed but also for the feelings we had for her. Talking about animals, we had the best snake dog in the country. His name was "Spot" and he was part bird dog and all fighter, would tackle any dog or snake in the county. Many times he saved us from being snake bit. I imagine that is why we always felt so safe in the woods. I don't remember when he died but was with us for many years. My Dad said he probably got snake bitten once to often, and crawled away and died. I remember getting up on many a cold winery morning and seeing our Mother in the kitchen preparing breakfast of hot biscuits, eggs, bacon and gravy. She always got up early and built a fire in the pot-bellied stove in the living/bedroom and cook stove in the kitchen. She wanted the house to be warm when her family arose. Many a battle was fought between the Brewer Brothers and so-called villains. Visions run through my mind as I travel back to my boyhood home but most vividly I remember after a rain and the sun would shine, there seemed to always be a beautiful rainbow that started somewhere out in space and dove straight to the heart of our campground. This place was the very center of our existence and a meeting place for other children in our community. There is nothing more magical to a young boy than to feel that maybe in some past life he had somehow walked upon this great place. Our Grandfather and Grandmother Betty Manning lived at the foot of campground. We passed their house to and from school each day. I can remember my Grandfather working in his garden. He had one of the cleanest and well-kept gardens in the area. Always a kind word and smile from him for each of his grandchildren, a piece of my Grandmothers favorite apple stack cake and something cool to drink for each of us. It was unheard to pass their house and not stop or at least say Howdy Grandpa or Grandma; how are you today? My Grandpa Manning was a man of great character and even though had little formal education, was a man of great knowledge. He knew exactly when to plant to reap the greatest bounty, the right words for a young boy so he would look deep inside himself and do the very best his capabilities would allow. Many a time he had admonished, praised and uplifted us all in the same sentence. My Grandma Betty was one of the kindest ladies; besides my Mother that I ever knew. She always had a smile and something wonderful to eat and that was very important to a young boy reaching out beyond the point where he was raised. I

remember when two or three boys ambushed my oldest brother on his way from school. They beat him up pretty bad. The next day after school, my brother Lee walked a path above the road where my older brother was traveling. The same boys again ambushed him thinking they would do him great bodily harm, but Lee ran to his aid and before they could react, had gave them some of their own medicine. Lee wasn't very big or brawny looking but his left hand was fast as lighting. He could hit five times before anyone could react. If anyone ever took him down with their fist, I never knew. He definitely could hold his own with the best of them. I remember when I was very small; we all would go to my Grandpa Manning's house in Quillan's Chappel, for Sunday dinner. Dad would hook-up our horse or mule to the sled and carry us there. All I remember about the farm was the big house and barn; Grandpa owned a big black stud horse that only he could ride. My Father said one day when my mother was a young girl she ventured into the big blacks corral and he tried to stomp her to death; said Grandpa ran into the lot and hit him between the eyes with his fist and the horse fell to his knees. My Grandpa was a very determined man. I remember moving to the Bluegrass Country when I was a small boy. The Bill Congleton place is I believe where dad put block ice in the well, either to keep the water cold or one of his favorite beverages. The house seemed to be close to the highway and I believe two large brick homes were down the road and across from each other. I could have this mixed-up with another location. We also lived on the Beasley farm and attended Russell Cave School, on I believe Russell Cave Pike. Bobby and Lee attended Bryan Station. I recollect at school this big boy picked on me all the time and beat me a few times. Lee asked what was wrong and I finally told him. The next day when his bus arrived to pick us up from school, I pointed out the boy and Lee told him, don't pick on my brother anymore. The boy got smart and tried to hit Lee, but before his hand had hardly moved, Lee hit him so hard with his left the kids head snapped back against a tree and Lee kept punching. One of the teachers finally stopped Lee, but the other boy was completely out. I don't know what happened over the fight but no one bothered me again. I remember we had to carry water from a spring down the hill from our little house. There was a creek below our house where we swam and fished. Daddy did farm work for Hank Beasley and my older brothers helped when they were not in school. I was small and helped Mom with the chores at home. We knew the Moore's; Stewart's and my friend who lived above the Stewart's was Tommy Kidwell. One of the nice places we lived was the Man-O-War racehorse farm. My Dad was a night watchman, who stayed with the racehorses at night to assure their safety. I believe I still attended Russell Cave School. This was a beautiful place where Man-O-War was born and raced. He was a very big beautiful red horse and I can remember exactly what he looked like when his groom led him from the barn to his pasture. They even erected a statue in his honor after he died. We also lived on the Saunders Diary farm. I was very young but remember we lived in a small house close to a county road and their big house set behind us a good distance. There was a long gravel or dirt drive from their house to the main road. I believe when we went to town for groceries the drive was by a reservoir. Another place was a farm outside of Athens, Kentucky, about ten miles from Lexington. I am not sure what Dad did for our living but it seems as Dad and Bob had their parting of the way. I remember we were snowed in and I believe were ready for our move back to Campton. I don't know the exact circumstances for the move but probably concerned Daddy's drinking problem. I do know at that time we didn't have any food in the house so late that night and in a snow storm, dad went out and returned in about two hours with some frying chickens. He never said where they were procured and at the time, no one asked. When we moved back to Campton, our house was located up from the jail on the side of a hill and just below the graveyard. We had a living room, kitchen and two bedrooms. Our school was the same one we had attended before leaving Campton the first time, good old Wolfe County High. Next we moved to a small house behind Carton's store. Still attended the same school. The house was still there last year. About this time Lee & Harold Booth had a car wreck and Harold was killed, Lee's legs were badly broken. He was thrown approximately twenty or thirty feet into a tree across a small creek. The doctor said Lee would probably never walk but I guess Lee never understood the word, never, because he threw his crutches away and did it his way. Not long after he regained the use of both legs, joined the army and was assigned to the 101st Airborne. I don't believe he performed any jumps but for Lee he would have been a natural. Sometimes, I firmly believed he willed himself to walk, he is that kind of person; but hey! he is a Brewer isn't he. I worked for Jack Smith (Postmaster) after school sweeping floors and carrying coal for the heating stove in the winter. I believe for all this work I was paid .25 cents each afternoon. Later I worked at the Bus Station in the evenings and on Saturday. I worked for Jr. Allen in his Poolroom and Restaurant. I received .50 cents an hour and all the money I won at pool and free food and drinks, not bad for those days and Wolfe County. The money I made bought my school clothes and a few other necessities. Two evenings a week I closed up by myself so Jr. could spend some time with his Family. After closing the Poolroom would clean the kitchen and floors before going home. The local State Police always saw me home with the day's receipts. The next morning on the way to school would give the prior days receipts and money back to Jr. The poolroom was on my way to School. I attended Wolfe County High from 1950 until January 1955. We moved to Napoleon, Michigan in January 1955. I enrolled in school and was asking one of the students for the assignment when the teacher hit this boy over the knuckles with a ruler for talking. He raised the ruler to hit me; I grabbed the ruler from his surprised hand and broke it. He backed away and told me to report to the Principal's Office, which I did. I explained to the Principal what had happened in

class, also that where I came from we were considered men and no one was going to rap my knuckles, at least not like that. He was wise enough to understand that I probably would not fit very well in this environment. He recommended I request my studies through the Principal of my former School and correspond until I could graduate. Daddy was called to School and the Principal told him what had transpired and I was really proud of my Dad that day because he backed me 100 percent. My former Principal was more than glad to help me and even said he thought I might have some problem in their school system. During this time I met Pauline at the free Methodist Church in Jackson, Michigan. Julia Mae and Don Swann (Aunt and Uncle) wanted Betty and me to go to church with them, so we did and that is where we met. Pauline typed all of my studies that required a neat format and I graduated with my original class in June 1955. After school I worked For the Straw Nursery in Jackson planting shrubs and putting in yards. I tried other places all over Jackson but being draft age, companies were reluctant to hire. I asked Daddy if he would sign for me to go in the Air Force and he finally gave in. Daddy was operating the dairy in Michigan and I was also a free helper for him before and after I returned from my regular job. I finally told Mom my plans and she gave me her blessing so the rest is History. My next 20 years and 28 days will be spent in Uncle Sam's Air Force.

-----MY LIFE WAITING AND LIVING WITH A MIITARY MAN-----

-----BASIC TRAINING AT SAMPSON AFB, NEW YORK-----

I enlisted in the Air Force in Jackson, Michigan on 7 June 1955. The next day I traveled by bus to Detroit, Michigan for a physical (can you breathe, see and feel) and indoctrination. From there train sent me to Sampson AFB, New York. In basic we were taught the rudimentary procedures of the Air Force. Some of the inductees had a hard time conforming to the discipline and rigors of the military routine. But to me it was a piece of cake. They gave me new clothes, good food three times day, excellent classroom training and physical instructions. All I had to do was obey orders; I had been doing that all my life, and follow instructions. In my last three weeks of training I ran a high fever and was hospitalized, but after a couple of days convinced the doctor to release me because any more time away from training would be phased back to another flight. I graduated with my original Flight, Number 4377 on 14 August 1955. I received my assignment to Keesler AFB, Mississippi in something called, Airborne ECM. My orders gave me two weeks delay-in-route. I spent them with my future wife, Dad, Mom, Betty and Herb.

-----AIRBORNE ECM OPERATOR SCHOOL-----

I started my Airborne ECM Operator training at Keesler AFB, Mississippi on 1 September 1955. The training was classified and we didn't know for three weeks into the training exactly what our primary job entailed. After three weeks of school with very basic electronics this Captain walked into the room but had no nametag and didn't bother to introduce himself other than to say he had a few questions and maybe a few answers for us. He said after three weeks the Air Force was satisfied each and everyone was qualified to finish the course. This Captain said, he had only one question for each member of the class and our response to this question would dictate our future in this field. He said "are you willing to live or die for your country". I remember very clearly how I felt at that moment and that was fear, not only of the question but thought what in this world did I get into. He asked us to give this some thought and left the room, returning later in the day, just before class had finished its third week. He asked us our decision but said if your answer is no, there would be no repercussion of any kind and each one could re-train in other career fields. All but three people said they would do what was necessary. At this time the three left the room and I never seen them again. After they left this captain asked the Instructor to leave the room and gave us a form to sign for security purposes. He then explained what Airborne Electronic Countermeasures (ECM) was all about and what our role in this program was to be. For a young man raised in the hills of Kentucky and never until the military service, been any farther than my Aunt Lula Profitt in Novi, Michigan, and that was only once, this was an exciting moment in my life. I was proud to be an American. The training consisted of airborne transmitters, receivers, recorders and antenna systems. I received three months of basic and advanced electronic fundamentals and three months of hands on training and Airborne checkout procedures in a C-54 Aircraft. All of us struggled and finally after three months of concentrated classroom studies, advanced into the equipment phase of the training. While all of this was going on, a complete background investigation was being conducted for our "Secret Clearance". After the first three months some of the clearances weren't completed so we had to wait two more weeks before we could start training in the equipment phase. We performed squadron duties for those two weeks. Finally everyone was cleared, and then we started putting our basic's to use in the

equipment phase. Upon completion of two months of "Sets", we started our Airborne sets training, consisting of flight safety, oxygen usage and basic parachute training, including a course called "Suspended Agony". When the training was completed we were allowed to make our first training flight. On our very first training flight, smoke filled the Airplane and the Instructor Supervisor for the flight told everyone to suit-up and stand by the door and be ready to jump. We all obeyed without a question, knowing we were over the Swamps of either Mississippi or Louisiana. The Instructor opened the hatch and I am sure no one felt like a hero. Luckily for us the Flight Engineer found the problem of a shorted power cable under the floor of the aircraft. We were never sure if the problem was for our training or the real thing. That was our only close call during Airborne Training. Our class graduated on 31 January 1956. Our complete class was assigned to Fairchild AFB, Washington.

----- AIRBORNE ECM OPERATOR (RB-36)-----

I arrived at Spokane, Washington via train from Chicago, Illinois. On my delay-in-route spent some time with Mom, Dad and Pauline. Traveled from Michigan to Chicago by train then on to Washington. Started training on RB-36 aircraft a few weeks later after a thorough indoctrination of aircraft safety, water recovery and more parachute training. All of my flights on the RB-36 were routine except one. On this particular flight I was operating one of our units and the Flight Engineer was sitting in the blister (half moon elongated window) in the side of the aircraft with his parachute strapped on. The blister blew, he left immediately, and the aircraft filled with water vapor causing a dense fog. We were at 10,000 feet so the pilot went to a lower level in normal oxygen range. We reported the incident to our ground control, they sent a rescue aircraft for the, I am sure, frightened Flight Engineer. He was picked up a short time later; no worse for wear but a lot wiser. In my next message I will cover my first mountain survival school at Reno, Nevada.

-----ADVANCE SURVIVAL SCHOOL (STEAD AB, RENO, NEVADA)-----

On 21 August 1956 reported to Stead AB, Reno, Nevada to attend three weeks of advanced survival school. The school consisted of classroom training (mostly in the great outdoors), field, and escape and evasion. I was very fortunate to attend field classes with a Specialized Seal Team. They would deliberately go out of their way to antagonize the Air Force Instructors. On our first night out on E & E (Escape & Evasion) they set off all the flares in the area almost at the same time. While the Instructors were trying to re-group, we took over their camp. Next morning at briefing the Camp Commander gave a little speech about cooperation. This Navy Seal Team Leader stood up and said "Sir I am sure none of my men meant any disrespect, except my men know they can never be second best and survive in a combat situation. They made me realize, even though this was a training situation, always treat it as a combat drill. That lesson stuck with me all through my military career and helped me through many a situation in Southeast Asia. After completing the required courses we had twenty-four hours of endurance training when we returned from the mountains, having been traveling night and day for 72 hours through the Sierras. The last twenty-four hours were of a classified nature and mostly mental and physical, same training they use today or at least were in the early 1990's. When I returned to Fairchild continued normal operation until December when all of our Operator Crews were grounded for the good of the service (what ever that meant). We were assigned to the Air Police Squadron until we could be cross-trained into some other career field. So here I was, guarding the airplanes that yesterday I flew on. Well I did my job well enough to get promoted to my next stripe in four months. Finally our orders came down--Most of us were transferred to an A&E outfit. I received orders for the 92nd A&E Maintenance Squadron and was to report by 31 March 1957. Before I transferred called Pauline and asked her if she would marry me, said yes and had our wedding all set up when I arrived. We were married in the Free Methodist Church (where we met) on 16 March 1957. We spent our Honeymoon traveling from Michigan to Lake Charles, Louisiana (and through this afternoon) to our new station. Before I reported for duty, we found a small upstairs apartment with one bedroom, living room and kitchen/dining room. The bathroom was in the hall but we were the only one's upstairs anyway. I reported for duty on 31 March 1957 and started my classroom training on RB-47 Aircraft ECM equipment. There sure were a lot of new Transmitters, Receivers, Dispensers, and cabling and antenna systems to learn but like you, I dug in and learned whatever was needed to do the job. Most of the maintenance people were working the flight line when I arrived. I attended six months of six hour a day classes (sound familiar) and worked on the flight line the rest. When I graduated from this class and had been there a while, I asked the Shop Supervisor why only a few men had the privilege of working in the shop. The shop was air-conditioned and outside on the flight line it was hot and miserable in the summer and wet and miserably in the winter, not to mention very loud around the airplanes. I finally got tired of waiting for an answer and sent a suggestion through our maintenance Officer to have all maintenance people trained for both. He had a meeting with his top NCOs and recommended we do just that. I don't remember receiving any recognition for my suggestion but it was nice to work in the shop at least part of the time.

After the Maintenance officer authorized each Technician to be trained in the Shop and Flight Line, our overall maintenance moral and performance increased. Pauline had setup house keeping for us and I remember we received \$41.00 twice a month and \$91.00 separate rations; we sure had to watch our pennies. She found a job right away and went to work in the credit department at Muller's down town Lake Charles. Pauline also worked late every other Thursday and I would go down and meet her. We only lived about six blocks from town, which was good because we didn't have any wheels and no money to purchase one. I caught the bus or a ride from someone to work each day. It was about six months later before we had enough to buy a car, which was a 53 Chevrolet that we found later had a hole in the gas tank right at the very top. We were traveling up the Calcasieu Bridge, which had a steep incline and ran out of gas just before we reached the top. Had to back all the way to the bottom, luckily the traffic was thin that particular day. Took that \$400.00 car and traded it in for a 53 Mercury. This old car seen us through my first TDY to Brize Norton England. Pauline was pregnant with Cheryl Ann and I tried to get her to go back home until I returned but she would not hear of it, wanted to keep our apartment so I would have a home to return. This sure was a low time in my life to have to be away from my little family (I know you went through the same thing) but I had chosen the Military and would make the best of a bad situation. Needless to say it was a long haul from Lake Charles to England. When we arrived it was a drizzly, foggy day and I was to learn this happens quite frequently in England. They housed us in Quonset Huts that were made out of metal and shaped like a half moon with windows. Our air conditioning consisted of two floor fans and our heating system was two kerosene heaters in the middle of the aisle. I try not to remember too much about that kind of so-called living. We had one old Sergeant that every morning around five o'clock you would hear his footlocker open and a few seconds later the gurgle, gurgle of his fifth of whiskey. I don't believe he drew a sober breath the whole time we were at Brize Norton. Our duty consisted of the same type of maintenance we performed at our home station, making sure our equipment was always ready for the B-47's. Our recreation consisted of bowling, movies and on the weekends roaming around England's countryside. I visited London twice while I was there. Stood on the corner and saw Queen Elizabeth as she got out of here limo and said a few words to the people. She was a young pretty lady at the time, weren't we all. I endured the time and was glad when we saddled up and headed back to the good old USA and our families. I got back 9 Feb 1958 and Cheryl Ann was born on 9 March 58. Pauline still had the Christmas tree decorated and we had a wonderful time. More later on the ever continuing saga of the Brewer's Military History. After our Christmas in March we were fixing breakfast and I was going to wash the car when Pauline went into labor, Cheryl was born at 1945 hrs, 9 Mar 58, at Lake Charles AFB, Hospital. She was the most beautiful baby I had ever laid my eyes upon. She ran some very high fevers and when she was four, her tonsils were removed and that made a great difference. We bought a new house trailer in 1969 and lived at a trailer park south of the base. Billy Joe was born at 1928 hrs, 19 July 1960, Lake Charles Memorial Hospital because there was no room at the Base Hospital at that particular time (so you could say, there was no place at the Inn). Our trailer was 10 feet by 36 feet so we had very little room to roam. We didn't have air-conditioning only a window fan; heat was by a kerosene gun heater, which did an excellent job. While in the 92nd A&E Squadron had the chance to fly in the fourth man position and attend the "Altitude Chamber" training at Little Rock AFB, Arkansas (How about that as a coincidence). The class lasted two days, so back to duty. At the time we were having big problems with noise and feed through problems from our transmitters to Receivers. This interference caused our receivers to become almost useless. This major problem was the reason for me being back on flying status. Our Squadron Commander reminded me the importance of finding and dealing with this problem ASAP. For a two stripper the load was becoming mighty heavy. I flew a few flights gathering data, then flew one REFLEX mission to England. We had the same problem most of the way but didn't start until we were at altitude. That gave me an idea that what ever it was could in all probability be caused from either pressure or moisture. On landing I pulled the two troublesome units from the aircraft and after reaching the shop, removed both covers, which by the way had many, many screws. I found the tuning coils were still wet and had a small film of rust, plus tiny burned spots that indicated, arcing. I dried and cleaned the coils with a good cleaner and coated them with non-conducting grease. Everything worked fine on the return trip until about the last hour, then some noise returned. I reported the findings to my NCOIC, who in turn reported to our Commander. Our Commander requested I brief him on the procedures used to arrive at this conclusion. I gave him the complete run down and was asked what I thought would be the complete fix. My recommendation was, replace all of the tuners with a material moisture would not affect. He told me to submit this in writing through him and it would be sent to Depot for approval/or non-approval. The answer came back within a few days, they agreed to the modification and made the tuners from a ceramic mixture. I was responsible for the modifications as each tuner came from depot. The job was finished in a short time and we were back in business. I was given a letter of appreciation and made my third stripe on the next roster. Later I was to learn my Squadron Commander at that time, was the president of the promotion board. On one occasion a B-47 on Alert caught fire, and were loaded with a nuclear weapon. We were told to evacuate the base, so I rushed home, picked up Pauline and Cheryl and we boogied toward Groves, Texas,

where one of my fellow airmen's folks lived. Upon reaching there, we called back to the Base and they gave us an all clear. We were later to learn; those types of bombs could not be ignited by fire, only heavy, heavy force or drop from a great height. The rest of my duty was pretty routine and we just grew as a family. We made some lasting friendships while stationed at Lake Charles; we still correspond with two families. One I only found after over ten years of searching. They live on a farm in Minnesota. My next assignment was the 305th Bomb Wing, Bunker Hill AFB, Peru, and Indiana, where you all visited some million years ago.

More About Denzel Billy Joe Brewer:

Fact 1: 26 Oct 1936, Born

Fact 2: 06 Jun 1955, Joined USAF

Fact 3: 05 Jul 1975, Retired from USAF

Fact 4: 30 Jun 1993, Retired from General Dynamics (FT Worth)

Notes for Pauline Nadine Borders:

-----305th Bomb Wing, Bunker Hill AFB, Peru Indiana-----

I transferred to the 305th Bomb Wing, Bunker hill AFB, Peru, Indiana on 23 March 1963. We found a small apartment to rent on the Wabash River in Peru. The place needed painting, so worked off some of the rent fixing up the place. The lady we rented from also let us use some of the land behind her home for a garden. We planted tomatoes, sweet corn, cucumbers and onions. The tomatoes produced so well in that black muck soil that we had plenty of tomatoes to give to others. When I reported for duty I was assigned to four hours of classroom training and four hours on the job duty. The class was scheduled for six months on sets and later more classroom training on test equipment. The B-58 electronic gear was much more sophisticated than what I had in the past. The transmitters were designed so any gun layer type equipment could not lock them on. The system would sense if it was being scanned by radar and before the gun layer or airborne gun systems could maintain lock, the transmitter would automatically change frequency and the cycle would be repeated. This particular piece of gear would not repeat the same frequency in one million recycles. Our shop chief was named TSgt Combs, a good old boy from Beattyville, Kentucky. From the time we were introduced and he knew I was a fellow Kentuckian, he asked if I would consider working in the shop after I finished my classroom training. Naturally I was very interested, could learn more about the transmitters, receivers and especially the test equipment. When I finished my classroom training Combs was good for his word and requested I be assigned to the shop, which I was. After I had worked for him a few months, was assigned as his assistant shop supervisor. Combs enjoyed walking around with a cup of coffee and talking to everyone. He needed someone to schedule the work through the shop and see that all the other little things were accomplished; that is where I came in to being. This looked good on my performance report and when Combs shipped he recommended me for Shop Supervisor. Our shop under TSgt Combs had consisted of specialties, transmitters, receivers and antenna system for one group and all the test equipment for another group. Well, soon as Combs was gone I recommended to our Maintenance Officer that everyone should learn both. He agreed and I started implementing the new system. I received some flak from some of the ones who had enjoyed all of this freedom of movement. I gave them my little speech, I appreciate your feelings about your little empire but we will be a more efficient group if each and everyone knows the complete system and besides if this doesn't function, I will be the one our Commander steps on. After that everyone pitched in and taught each other the technical aspect of their system. I started learning the test equipment and after about six months could Work on any piece of gear we had. I made one tactical mistake, was picking up a broom one day in the shop and the Commander saw me, said "Sgt Brewer I don't like to see my NCO'S with a broom in their hand. I explained the broom could have caused a safety violation on the floor. His reply was-have someone else retrieve. I told him this would never happen again while I was assigned to his Squadron. The B-58 was a very difficult aircraft to turn around in the time allotted us. We had to down load most of the equipment from each flight and do a thorough shop analysis. At this particular time a new test equipment trailer was introduced from our depot. This test equipment was designed to check all of the functions plugged into an Aircraft receptacle, one problem, the test equipment was more advanced than our equipment and would not pass any of the tests. The Tech Reps messed around with this situation for about six months and finally concluded the Test trailer would have to either be modified or back to depot for a complete re-design. Air Force decided we could get along with our current suitcase type test equipment and scrapped the program. They had built six of these trailers at a cost of \$500,000.00 a piece, normal operating procedures for the Air Force, right. Six months after I was assigned to the base, we received Base Housing and that was where you all visited us back a million years ago. Other than the normal every day type work plus ALERTS, we pretty much carried on the same operation. While there I received

my orders for "Security Service" what ever that means. My next assignment was Advanced Airborne Electronics School--Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas.

-----ADVANCE AIRBORNE ELECTRONICS SCHOOL-----

Our next duty station was Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas from 23 Feb 66 to 1 Jul 66. Prior to receiving my orders we bought a new 1965 Pontiac GTO. It was Reef Turquoise in color and cost \$5200.00, today the same type car would cost over \$20,000.00, and scary is the word for progress. We traveled via Betty And J.B.'s, Lee and Doris, and Mom and Dad's. From there we traveled to Little Rock, Arkansas and stayed at the Quality inn. Next day we headed for Texas and stopped in Weatherford and called Oma And Clyde only to find out from a neighbor they had left for Kentucky only that morning, so we headed for San Angelo and signed in with the NCOD, then got our rooms at the BOQ which consisted of two bedrooms, dining/kitchen/living room with private bath, not bad for the desert. We stayed there for two months, finally found a small house close to the base. Our first day of school consisted of orientation. The word was "What you see and hear here, leave here until you get to your permanent assignment? Class duration was 6 hours a day for a little over four months, two months of theory and two months of sets. I never realized you could cram so much in such a short time. It was listen, take notes, go to study hall, study notes; test. My dreams even consisted of class. After the theory part was finished, equipment phase became enjoyable, was nice to get my hands on something more than a pencil. I had never seen so many receivers, multi-couplers, recorders and scramblers in my whole career. It was exciting to learn this new equipment. On our time off Pauline, the kids and I toured around looking at what the desert had to offer. Once you left the city limits, you were in the desert in any direction. We saw anthills, some were large as a full size car, were the large red variety. Many an animal was sorry they fell into their mound. We also attended a few Rattlesnake Roundups in San Angelo. Our house didn't have air conditioning so we purchased a swamp cooler (square box with a water pump, which forced water along a top trough and ran down sides made of straw). The dry desert air being drawn by a fan through the water soaked straw mats did an excellent job of cooling the house. While there we saw two bad dust storms that made you glad you were inside looking out. After graduation, Pauline and the Children drove from San Angelo to Jackson, Michigan via Mom and Dad's in Kentucky, I reported immediately to 3636 Combat. Crew Tng. Gp., Fairchild AFB, Washington on 25 July 1966, for Advanced Survival School, which was my second time to attend survival school.

-----ADVANCE SURVIVAL SCHOOL FAIRCHILD AFB, WASHINGTON-----

I traveled by automobile with some men from class from San Angelo, Texas to Fairchild AFB, Washington. We stayed three nights at various motels and swam in the pools, enjoyed the scenery across country and tried to put the next couple of weeks out of our minds. We stopped in Denver, Colorado and spent a few hours just taking in the sites. When we arrived at Fairchild AFB, Washington, we received instructions from the NCOD of our billeting status and where to dine. The next morning we reported for indoctrination and were welcomed to the class. All that had previously attended a formal survival class at Reno, Nevada were asked to stand up. Some of us stood and the Commander said "It is so good to see volunteers for their second go around in this pleasure palace", We thought maybe some could skip part of the class work, no such luck. The class material and drill was mostly along the same lines as before, just a different mountain to climb. The Escape and Evasion part had been up-dated slightly to make it a little more realistic. The most important thing in the whole exercise was, never get caught and make all the checkpoints. My partner and I did all of these, both second timers and country boys. The last 36 hours of constant hiding and traveling with very little food and find our own water along the way; use tablets for purification, was very good if the real thing came along. One of our troops, a major broke both his ankles falling down a hill on our last night out. My partner and I found him and his partner at the foot of this big hill and help splint the breaks. We wanted to call in a rescue plane but he wanted to finish the course and not have to re-accomplish at a later date. We helped him make the last two checkpoints by punching his card with the checkpoints code. At the finish point a Helicopter was called in from Fairchild for his evacuation. We still had 24 hours of incarceration to go through but they waived that part for the Major, he had earned his diploma. After the 24 hours of interrogation and--we were through. It sure was nice to have a shower after a week in the mountains. From Spokane I traveled by bus to Seattle to catch a hop back to Michigan so Pauline, the children and me could have a few days of the good life, then on to our next assignment. My next rendition will hopefully be a little more entertaining for everyone. We make a major leap from the United States to Japan.

-----6988TH SECURITY SQUADRON--YOKOTA AB, JAPAN-----

After completion of Survival School at Fairchild AFB, Washington, I rode a bus to Seattle, Washington and got a hop on a C-97 to Detroit, Michigan. Took a taxi from the airport to where Pauline and the children were. We left

the next morning for Kentucky and spent a few days with Mom and Dad on Devonia Street in Lexington, Kentucky. After leaving Kentucky we traveled through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah and into California. We hadn't packed any winter clothes or none of us even had a light jacket, and wouldn't you know that it turned cold in Denver and we had to stop and buy a warm sweater for each; that's life for the military folks. Going out of Denver we started upgrade and a Volkswagen that was in front of us stalled, so we eased around and even our GTO was breathing hard up the mountain. The carburetors back then sensed the change in altitude and couldn't get enough air/gas mixture; today's fuel injection systems never know the difference in pressure--your lesson on gas/air mixture for the day. We sent our GTO from port to Yokohama, Japan. Reported to Travis AFB, California for Flight number CKAP 281, departing at 1100 hrs the same day (21 Sept 66), with stops in Hawaii, Wake Island and on to Yokota, Japan. Spent a few hours at each Island while our plane was refueling, taking on supplies and just looking around at the scenery. I had a hard time of convincing the kids that Wake Island was large enough to land our plane. At our altitude the Island looked the size of a postage stamp. We arrived at Yokota and were transferred to Tachikawa AB by Military bus for our family briefing and assignment of temporary quarters. After the briefing we were transported to a Hotel outside the main gate. Our first few days were very busy acquiring driver license's, permanent quarters, household goods and of course, the call of duty. Our car came into port three weeks later. Our sponsor and I went by train to Yokohama and I drove back to Yokota--it was a hazardous trip. The car had suffered no ill effects on the way over. I learned an important lesson early; do not take a high output car like a GTO to a small Island with 30-mile maximum speed limit. I bought gas off base, higher octane, but more expensive, we drove only when necessary. We found a small house in a place called "Japamer Heights", wasn't hob nob hill, but home. We could easily walk to the base or local towns. My duties consisted of becoming familiar with the equipment I had in school and putting it all together as a package in the RC-130 Aircraft. This I enjoyed very much and had been a long time getting to this place. I flew my first training flight one month after arriving. More later on our tour in Japan.

-----PAULINE'S & THE CHILDREN'S VIEW OF JAPAN-----

-----Continuation of 6988TH SECURITY SQUADRON-----

After my required training flights was assigned to a Combat Crew. Our orders stated: Authorized TDY to areas of Taiwan, Korea, Okinawa, Japan, Philippines, Thailand and South Vietnam. I was promoted to TSgt on 1 December 1966 and pulled my first TDY to Vietnam the day after Christmas 1966. It was very hard (as you know) leaving my family after Christmas but we learned to make every moment together count. We stopped over night at Kadena AB, Okinawa on our way to Danang, Vietnam. We always flew at least one combat mission before landing. This was the only way our group could have 24 hours, 7 days week coverage. After landing in Danang from Kadena and taxing down the runway, my thoughts were "what in the world are you doing in this far off place"? Our housing consisted of Quonset huts with overlapping eaves and screened sides. Each bunk was encased in mosquito netting. We were in a fenced, guarded and controlled area. My first night there included Rocket attacks all night long, courtesy of the welcoming North Vietnamese. From our area you could see the farmers on oxen in their black pajama's working the rice fields. These are some of the people who were night fighters. The first night my partner hurt his back trying to go through the screen door in the middle of a Rocket attack, before it was open. There was a Bunker beside our hut. He was laid up for a week that left me a man short, so I had to fly double shifts for a week. What a way to get extra training. There never was a dull moment either on the ground or in the air. It wasn't all bad times; we even had a few cookouts, courtesy of the Navy Reefers. They supplied us with meat, fresh milk and ice cream from the states and in return we brought beer and whiskey to them from Yokota. We also had a ground detachment at Danang where we did some of our reproducing and early detection work. When we had any extra time, would always help with their duties also. Most of us became pretty good operators as well as maintenance. We learned to be self-sufficient because there was no one around to back us up. When we were in the air, there was always at least two F-4 aircraft somewhere in the area for our backup protection. We had lots of electronics, but 38's and knives don't go very far. This was my first time in Vietnam and the things that I saw ever day probably weren't exactly what they published in the state side newspapers. While at Danang I made friends with one of the Marine 1st Sergeant's and toured around Monkey Mountain outside of Danang in the bush. This was a no-no for our group, but we never got caught, so I guess it doesn't matter now. It seems so strange when I look back to some of those days and the people I came in contact, I have no idea where they may be today. My first TDY lasted 35 days but seemed like an eternity, of which I was to repeat over and over. Mt. Fuji was a beautiful site the day we came back to Yokota, the sun glowing on its top all encased in snow, but the most wonderful site was, the shiny smiles on the faces of my family. The hardest thing for each Crewmember in this situation was separating one part of the world from the other. I dealt with mine by letting my training take over when down south and getting rid of those type thoughts

on the way home. We always stopped at Kadena, to and from our down south location, this gave us time to cleanup, Get a haircut and return to the civilized world. This was my way of dealing with the situation; it worked for me. In my next message I will relate the brighter side of my assignment.

-----JAPAN-----

We spent our off duty time visiting some of the small towns throughout Japan. The people were of great interest to the children, they all wanted to see Cheryl Ann's long blonde hair and she would get annoyed with them because all wanted to touch, she stopped this in no uncertain terms. Billy enjoyed all the different kinds of toys and both children kept asking why everyone was bowing as they went by. I explained this was their way of being polite.

Children of Denzel Brewer and Pauline Borders are:

- 2 i. Cheryl Ann⁶ Brewer, born 09 Mar 1958 in Lake Charles, Calcasieu, Louisiana, USA; died 03 Nov 1977 in Fort Worth, Tarrant, Texas, USA.

Notes for Cheryl Ann Brewer:

-----Transition from Japan to Okinawa--Pauline's and the kid's eyes-----

We did a little research about the next assignment; the Ryukyuan Islands have an impressive manufacturing and export industry. Economically the prime factor in their manufacturing and export business was vast sums by the United States Government in huge construction projects, the purchase of materials, the hiring of personnel direct and indirect financial contributions. They export sugar, pineapples, petroleum products, canned products, etc. Among Okinawa's smaller export industries is the world's only commercially successful black pearl production. Denzel has started training in a new aircraft for his transition to Okinawa. He is gone a lot of the time but we stay real close when he is home. He has to maintain his proficiency in the c-130 along with this new one. The kids and I keep busy with their homework and all the things it takes to keep everything going.

-----MORE ON JAPAN ASSIGNMENT-----

After returning from sea survival my up-grade training continued on the RC-130 and many TDY's were to follow. We heard the rumors through some of our people that a new unit was to form somewhere in our part of the country. A more sophisticated aircraft with new equipment was the word. Finally the new location came down from Headquarters, which was to be Okinawa. A call for volunteers was the first option, and appointments there after. I talked this over with Pauline and the kids and they were anxious to see as much of the world as they could, besides I had a chance of not being away from home as much. I begin my training on the RC-135 almost immediately. An Instructor was sent from the states to teach the equipment before the aircraft arrived. A month after the classroom training started the RC-135 arrived and it sure was different from what we were flying. We still had to fly our missions in the RC-130 but did those on weekends. When we had reached the required proficiency in the classroom and RC-135, our first crews were sent ahead to Okinawa to lay groundwork for our squadron. Two months later was our time to get on the big MATS bird and say goodbye to our stay at Yokota AB, Japan. A lot of things had happened in these 14 months and would probably be remembered forever.

-----6990TH SECURITY SQUADRON--KADENA AB, OKINAWA-----

We are on the airplane headed for Kadena AB, Okinawa. After landing we were picked up by a government bus and taken to a hotel just outside the base. We arrived early and after checking in to our rooms, caught a shuttle bus to pass & ID. Denzel and I took our written test for our driver's license. The kids were tired and fell asleep in the lounge. I was just about asleep when Denzel kicked my chair but thank the good lord we passed. Next morning Denzel went with Mickey Whittemore (one of the other NCOs) to pick up our car at Naha port. I walked with the kids to the front gate, caught a shuttle bus and off to register them back in school. On the third day early in the morning we hear a lot of noise in our room, something falls on our bed, jump up and turn on the light, guess what! A large green lizard beside Denzel looked up and saw another one on the ceiling. Woke Denzel up and by that time the kids were in the room, they said "look mom & dad we have gecko's here", that was our welcoming committee to Okinawa. One of the men came by the hotel and notified Denzel of his early morning flight. An early breakfast, his B-4 bag was always packed, ready for any situation and off to Briefing. My first flight from Okinawa was on my third morning on the island. We were vastly undermanned at the time and each of us had to pull a lot of back-to-back flights to cover all of the missions. We started with one a day until all of our 20 men were in place, command raised us to one early and one late, this put us back in the same position but somehow we maintained our proficiency and kept the workload together. We also had our regular routine jobs of Quality Control, scheduling, maintenance and calibration of all equipment. Today

I look back and wonder, "How in this world did we accomplish all of the work, guess we were just to stubborn to give up. Our chief finally flew back to Headquarters and requested more men for the mission. A month later we received the first of our men and after becoming airborne qualified, relieved our workload situation. Even though the hours were long and the flights were even longer, I would not have traded places with anyone, there was always something new to learn and new places to see, maybe not exactly to your choosing. We answered only to our command, and no one was authorized to inspect our part of the aircraft except him or her or us. SAC owned the aircraft and also flew three officers in the back who were called "Ravens". We helped if they encountered any problems while airborne, but their maintenance personnel boarded only with an escort from our people. We always cooperated with their personnel and had a good working relationship. Our leader was a lieutenant who came up through the ranks and attended OCS; we had flown together in Japan when he was a SSGT. Our people could relate to any situation and speak all of the languages in our part of the world. Our programs were always on going, new equipment, and refresher courses in safety, water survival, mountain survival, TDY's and all the things that kept the planes in the air. We found a small blockhouse, which had steel bars on all the windows, called Stealey bars, outside the base in a community called "Morgan Manor" which was occupied by Military personnel. The school bus picked up and delivered the kids five days a week to and from Kadena Middle school, which was almost in the center of the base, next to one of the churches. Our house didn't have air condition or heating so I purchased a window unit that was both heat and air, sure made for a comfortable home. At this time there were gangs called "Stealey Boys" who would go from house to house around two in the morning and steal anything that wasn't locked down tight. One night while I was away on a mission they tried our house, Pauline woke up, turned on the outside light and looked right into the covered face of one of them. She said she just looked and slowly moved up the street. I went to the Air Police Commander and requested a permit for a gun; he said that was impossible because of the laws. He suggested we get a large dog and referred us to the k-9 unit. A TSgt had trained one of his dogs through the attack phase of their program and was shipping out to Viet Nam in a couple of weeks. He said if I would work with him with this dog until he shipped, I could keep him. This I did and received a well-trained 90-pound German shepherd, who hated Okinawan's with a passion. Rudy was his name and he slept in the hall between the kids room. If one of them moved he would go check and if they had moved from his sight in the bed, he would pull them back to the center. If an Okinawian ventured on our street he would charge the window and many times completely cleared the table next to the window. I would tie him in the yard with a long parachute cord attached to his collar and tell him not let the kids out of the yard. If either one climbed on the fence, he would pull them back by the seat of their pants, never once did he break the skin, they always called him "Old Tattletale" but loved him very much. Our neighbor down the street was a green beret and also had a German shepherd, we would patrol our street with the dogs before turning in at night. This sure cut down on vandalism in the neighborhood.

----Okinawa - Arrived 11-20-1967 Left - 6-7-1974----(Pauline & The Kids)----

Just a few things that went on in our lives while living on the Island. When Denzel was home and a Typhoon came he had to evacuate with the planes and the kids & I taped windows with duct tape, filled the bathtub & filled our water cans. We always had an emergency evacuation kit-food, clothes and first aid items. He hated to leave us but that was his job and we became pretty good survivors. We had one real bad typhoon that was scary. Denzel left 3 days before it hit the Island. School of course was closed and the winds were getting real strong 95 to 100 mph. We were sleeping downstairs, I was awake and the woman next door knocked on the petition and said they were all scared her husband was TDY. I talked with her, told her to get the kids downstairs away from windows. I always taped her windows upstairs; she was scared to climb on the ledges. The winds got up to 110 MPH and the windows & doors were making strange noises. I heard water coming in and went to the utility room. Sure enough it was flooding there and all over the kitchen floor. Got blankets, throw rugs an old bed spread and started mopping up the water. I put them in the washer and spin dry enough to put them back down again and again. The kids woke up and helped me; it was a busy night plus all day. I was so proud of both kids they were scared but never complained and worked like litter beavers. The woman next door was doing the same thing and so were her kids. The kids talked to each other while helping their moms. The storm did a lot of damage to the Island but the Base was pretty well prepared. His Squadron always called to see if we were ok or needed any help. We learned to do what was necessary, don't complain and be a tough GI's family just like I'm sure Dorothy had to do many, many times. Some women can't handle it and some can but you two guys got the best and I'm sure Dorothy agrees with me. I'm sure she had a lot of times by herself with full responsibility of everything. Billy Joe had taken Judo in Mainland Japan so after we got settled on Okinawa we checked into some clubs. The Base Youth Center had Judo classes conducted in the Elementary School gym. He signed up and paid through the Youth center and needless to say Billy Joe was ready. A few months later Cheryl Ann signed up and met some girls she went to school with in the class. Denzel went to classes when he was home. When the instructor heard Denzel was an Instructor asked him to check the Youth Center, he needed another Instructor to help (the class had 36 kids) Denzel signed up and the classes started to grow. A year later the Instructor was shipped out so Denzel took over the class, which had an enrollment of 55 kids ages 6 to 16 years boys and girls. I became the Club secretary and nose wiper, first aid, and dry the tears all whenever necessary. The

Youth Center paid Denzel, but he used the money to help new students get their Judo-gi's (uniforms). Parents found out what he was doing and when their child outgrew their Gi's they would ask me if we could use them. Denzel got an assistant to help him, especially when he went TDY or a flight. The guy was a young GI and when Denzel was gone he had Billy Joe, Cheryl Ann and Kevin help with everything. The kids were all really happy when Denzel returned even some who thought he was a real strict Instructor. Paul was ok but was a little short with the kids especially ones who had a hard time learning. Denzel always told them "Judo was like religion, you had to treat it with Great Respect and not to be used except for self defense. No horseplay and if he ever heard anyone use it the wrong way, they were out of class. He always told the parents the same thing and we had only one boy who got dismissed. Our first Christmas with the Club was really neat. Some of the Mothers ask if we were having a party. I told them I had made 60 Christmas Stockings and was baking 4 sheet cakes and decorating them. One Mother said she would be glad to help me bake and decorate. Several others bought things for the socks and we had a ball working together without any kids knowing what was going on. The party was after the Saturday Class. The kids came in expecting class but Denzel told them to sit down; he was going to have a little test in the cafeteria but they had to wait until the heat was turned on. When we had it prepared with the cakes, punch, nuts candy and the socks with all the names on the tables we had one of the Fathers let Denzel know it was time for them to come. You should have seen the look on their faces when they walked in and we all yelled "Merry Christmas"; the Club was always like a big family and very seldom did we have any trouble. The parents were really pleased about some of the manners their kids learned from the class. Denzel didn't have to be mean just worked out with the kid on the mat and talked to them about being respectful of other people. Hope you all are not bored with this but just some of the things we did. If not bored let me know and I will send more, the kids and I stayed on the Island for the whole tour.

-----TRAVELING IN THE MILITARY WITH MY FAMILY-----

After we moved on base things were more convenient for us and the kids could walk to school. I taught Kindergarten at Kadena AB about six (6) Years; which I really enjoyed. Rudy wouldn't let anyone in our back yard, I was afraid he would hurt someone just walking through the yard, so I put a notice on the base bulletin board of his ability. A captain from the SAC outfit came over and said he was leaving for the states in two weeks with his Family and his Father owned a ranch in Montana and would love to take him to the states. While the kids were at school he picked him up and away they went. A couple of months later the kids received a letter from his Father and Mother in Montana and pictures of Rudy on their ranch. They told the kids how much they appreciated having Rudy, and he had the run of their place. This helped the kids get over him, but they wore out the letter just opening and reading. They also took it to class to show everyone. It is starting to storm, will have to shut down.

-----CONTINUATION OF 6990TH SECURITY SQUADRON-----

I stated that the kids got over Rudy real fast but they asked about him years later, Billy still talks about him and wouldn't you know he has two large German Shepherds since they were pups, Shadow who looks just like Rudy, and Blackie who is Shadow's younger brother. He built them a nice dog run in the country where he now lives. We toured quite a bit around the Island and seen lots of sights. From Naha to the farthest part of the Island is Sixty four (64) miles, and is seven (7) miles wide. The economy is based mostly on raising sugar cane, rice, and sweet potatoes. From Naha to the opposite end the sea was always visible until the Japanese started building high-rise buildings in the eighty's (80's). A friend of mine was there as a Civilian and said they have completely blanketed the Island with high-rise's. I am glad we left before this all came about. You could stop almost anywhere along the main road and watch all of the sea creatures in their natural habitat, so much for progress. Flying, Training and TDY's of one kind or another took up most of my time for the first two years. The kids enrolled in Judo and after I had some time assisted the Head Instructor. We attended all of the Judo tournaments throughout the Island. At first our students lost most of their tournaments with the locals but after a little experience, they won their share. I also enrolled in a karate class along with some of my Crew. This along with the other classes, plus teaching, kept us all quite busy. The kids did well in the Martial Arts and School, I was always very proud of them. My Airborne work after a while became almost routine except for the typhoon evacuations, monsoon storms over the gulf and those little things that would play cat and mouse with us in the air. On one of our re-fueling's the valve above our position would not recycle and about 50 gallons of JP-4 (High Octane Jet Fuel) poured down on my partner and me. That was the fastest I have ever undressed and washed in my whole life. We had to shut down all except essential aircraft equipment and get the H--- out of Dodge. That was one of those times I would just as soon stayed in bed. I looked like a Red Indian upon landing and we had to make a full report to our Headquarters of the incident. Some of our equipment was destroyed and all of our paper work was useless, I was a little gun shy for a while when we refueled, but nothing like that ever happened again on my flight. Most of the people I flew with were top-notch men and I guess I became spoiled with military caliber folks, not like the cutthroat civilians I have known. I do know it would be very, very hard to go back to a regular job, five days a week. While stationed at Okinawa I was directed by my Commander to set up a flyable U-2

detachment in Thailand. In my next saga I will relay some of the problems encountered when an NCO is appointed Commander of an operation and how Officers perceive this situation.

-----THAILAND-----

E.J. Gauthier and I (TSgt's) left for Utapao, Thailand aboard a C-135 Tanker with only our B-4 bags and a "Priority One" set of orders. We were sent there to setup a detachment for our group. I was appointed Commander of this two-man outfit; I guess that meant if someone received the blame for any mistakes, it would be me. After arrival, reported to the "Officer of The Day" and signed in. We were assigned a bed next to the run up pad on the flight line. Between the noise of the aircraft and the mosquitoes sleep was hard come by. The next morning we visited the housing officer and requested a more suitable arrangement. This Captain politely told me that was where we would stay, and I proceeded to explain that we must have a place quiet and comfortable enough to carry out our mission; and I was not at liberty to explain this mission. After we seen this was not working, I requested to use his phone, then called my contact at Headquarters and explained my position. My contact requested he speak to this Captain, and after the conversation was immediately assigned two air-conditioned rooms with privacy. I thanked the Captain and E.J. and I reported to the Base Security Officer. I showed him my orders and requested his services later on when our facility was finished, which he quickly agreed, said he had received a call from our Headquarters minutes before. Next stop was the motor pool for some transportation. Requested a van be assigned to me. The officer in charge said, sorry but we have many officers that are riding bicycles, so we would have to get along as best we could. I produced my PRIORITY ONE orders and told him of the grave necessity of this van and if he would call my contact at this number he would better explain the circumstances of our action. After talking for a few minutes and a lot of Yes Sir's, we had our van and his full cooperation. We next contacted the Seabee's about building our containment for the first U-2, Maintenance Facility, and Quarters for the follow on personnel. They had previously been briefed by my Command and were ready to comply just as soon as we picked the location. E.J. and I agreed on a location next to the Flight Line and far away from prying eyes. After the Seabee's started on our buildings we begun establishing contacts with the rest of the support people. Approximately two weeks before our buildings were finished I contacted our civilian Tech. Reps. through our channels and said we would be ready in approximately two weeks for them. They arrived on time, picked up a vehicle, and then we discussed our future problems and solutions. We did a clean sweep of our buildings and waited the arrival of the bird and equipment. A week later with the arrival of everything we preceded with a thorough check out of the equipment. We received around the clock security for our Bird and Equipment from the local Security Commander. Our first mission was flown two weeks before our proposed target date. E.J. and I both were promoted to Msgt while on this TDY, which sure improved our position. I would make the weekly Commanders meeting for our unit but would always receive some resistance because of our position and rank. The Base Commander had been briefed and cooperated fully. There were many problems associated with this type unit because of the past notoriety of the U-2 but we maintained full control and took great pains in seeing that our unit accomplished its mission. All of our immediate support personnel were either from the states or our unit, this kept Unofficial leaks to a minimum. We were assigned two full time Pilots with ground support and flew almost every day. This was one neat aircraft to be a part of and I will always cherish the days when I was acting Commander of our unit, if only for two months. While at Utapao I was directed to report to NKP on the Laotian border for an inspection tour and to maintain my airborne proficiency. I performed my inspection tour, flew with the crazies in their gooney birds and reported back to the quiet life of the U-2's. What ever happened to this particular unit later, only the powers that be, know. After E.J. and I were relieved, he reported back to Yokota and I was given permission for three days in Bangkok where I contacted two of our local civilian personnel and toured the area. Three days later I said goodbye and went back to my enlisted status and regular routine duty. It was great to be home with Pauline and the kids but I will never forget the two months spent at Utapao, Thailand.

-----6990TH SECURITY SQUADRON-----

After returning from Utapao, Thailand, I resumed my duties as Airborne Tech and ground duties as NCOIC of Inspection. Most of our day-to-day duties were pretty routine by now; inspect aircraft, modifications, and refresher courses in water, mountain, flight safety, equipment up-dates and crew training. The kids were both in Judo and Karate and busy in school. I was an assistant judo Instructor until our Head Instructor shipped out, then I took over the class and taught for almost two years, until an extended TDY directed me to another location. Our Judo class won lots Of Island trophies, was very proud of all the kids in class. I also taught a small Karate class two evenings a week, while at home station, also attended karate classes myself to learn and maintain proficiency. Most of the men I flew with also trained in martial arts, never knew when it would come in handy. Okinawa was at one time a very beautiful island and most of the people were very friendly, if you showed them the respect they deserved. My immediate karate Instructor was a seventh degree black belt and our supreme Instructor was a tenth degree (81 years old at that time) and very agile for his age. It was a pleasure to work out with him, he had moves that you wouldn't believe, and never seen anyone get the best of him. The rest is

seen through Pauline's and the kid's eyes.

-----THROUGH THE EYES OF MY FAMILY-----

It took 6 months before we received orders to move into Base Housing. The kids were riding the Base School Bus when we lived off Base but now they lived close enough to walk to School. The house on base was Cement 2 Story concrete block. We had 3 bedrooms and full bath upstairs, half bath, living room, dining room, kitchen and utility room down. It was really nice and we enjoyed the room plus we had air police that patrolled the areas. The utility room was large area we shared with the neighbors, but as soon as that family moved out Denzel got Permission to partition it off and we had our own private utility room. The next couple that moved in was real nice. Denzel's flying schedule never changed, he was home 1,2,or three weeks if we were lucky then gone for 3 or 4 weeks, we never knew. I took a Civil service Exam but was told they had to hire Okinawan's first and would call if they needed our help. We were 3 GI'S wives and whenever there were any demonstrations by the locals we worked until it was over. The kids were happy in school and always had someone over after school. They had a Daily Bulletin that Billy Joe and Cheryl Ann delivered twice a week. Several of their friends signed up to get a delivery route and they made extra money, which made them proud of themselves. I took Cake Decorating Classes and Denzel and the Kids had 18 weeks of cakes - (beginning, intermediate and Advanced) but I gave them a break when we took the cakes to the Fort Buckner Army Hospital for the Wounded GI'S who came back from Vietnam. The kids went with me one time and they ask why was there a war that hurt people so much. I know they were always worried when their Daddy went out but if they had a Birthday or a Holiday they didn't want to celebrate until he returned. They never complained but just said it is Daddy's job and we can't talk about it because we don't know what he does. It was sometimes rough but we just did the best of whatever came up and as the kids use to say, Just keep on going we are tough. More on the life and times of the Brewer family in a later issue.

- + 3 ii. Billy Joe Brewer, born 19 Jul 1960 in Lake Charles, Calcasieu, Louisiana, USA.

Generation No. 2

3. Billy Joe⁶ Brewer (Denzel Billy Joe⁵, Leeburn Herbert Whitehorse⁴, Lewis³, Isom², Willis B.¹) was born 19 Jul 1960 in Lake Charles, Calcasieu, Louisiana, USA. He married (1) **Wanda Lee Fore Brewer** 10 Nov 1983 in BURLESON, Johnson, Texas, USA. She was born 30 Dec 1959. He married (2) **Rhonda Stokes** 19 Sep 1998 in Paradise, Wise County, Texas, USA.

Notes for Billy Joe Brewer:

-----6990 Scty. Sq.-----

While stationed at Kadena AB, Okinawa, I requested to attend the Security Services "Mission Improvement Course" at Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas. I was accepted and left Okinawa on 12 may 1972 for one week of concentrated Intelligence up-date training which was vital to a mission I was to perform in November of that year. I wasn't allowed to contact any of my immediate family or relatives in the United States. I was authorized to travel by any military aircraft and if none were available was to use commercial means. The trip from Okinawa to Texas was part of my training, and was very enjoyable. I flew from Okinawa to Norton AFB, California on a DC-8 (Stretch 8), from Norton to Sheppard AB, Texas on a C-135 tanker. At Sheppard I contacted Flight Operations and caught the Commanders Cooperate jet to Dallas, Texas. From Dallas I used a commercial carrier to San Angelo, Texas. Grabbed a taxi to the base and signed in with the NCOD. After assignment of quarters, checked with school OIC for instructions. The week was very educational and interesting. At the time of this class, I never realized in just two years we would be stationed here as permanent party. I requested commercial transportation from San Angelo to Travis AFB, California and military carrier from Travis to Okinawa, which was approved. Upon returning from the states was awarded my "Eleventh oak leaf cluster" to the "Air Medal". On 10 November 1972 was directed by Headquarters Security to perform special Ops. Mission from Kadena Via Utapao AB, Bangkok, Korat AB, back to Bangkok, Don-Muang AB, Thailand--Saigon, Vietnam, Clark AB, Philippines and back to Kadena. This was a special no notice inspection of some of our "Outpost's and back country Detachments" to see how they conducted their internal and external security. This type of duty was part of my clearance and was to be handled, quickly and hopefully very efficiently. When I returned, my commander requested a full debriefing of my activities, and if they were successful. I reported my mission had been accomplished and all stations were at Security Services Standards. Along about this time a "Career Advisor" slot opened within our group and I volunteered for the slot knowing this was not an airborne position. I felt it was

about time for me to try something else besides what I had been doing, so I became the groups "Career Advisor" which was sanctioned by our Commander. More later on the life and times of the Brewer Military career.

-----Career Advisor to the Commander-----

In July 1973 we received quite a few first term airmen into our unit and the commander felt we should have someone they could mesh with. At this time we had some field problems that needed to be addressed. He appointed me to implement a program to advise the new personnel on our procedures and be a liaison between him and headquarters USAFSS. I had my own private office in our command building and proceeded to communicate with USAFSS on the guidelines that were desired for this program. After the guidelines had been finalized, I briefed the commander on our program and he gave his blessings. This program was to help the younger men and women understand fully our missions and where they would fit in. My job was to promote harmony, understanding and instructions on all facets of their job, career and most of all the fulfillment of the mission. The commanders main purpose was to retain as many of these highly trained men and women as he could. I promoted an open door policy and conducted many classroom type briefings connected with our program and mission. Our sole purpose for being in this part of the world was so everyone throughout the good old USA and other countries could remain free and enjoy their life without interference from hostile countries. This particular position was different from anything I had been assigned in the Air Force, but was a challenge to be associated with. I finally had normal hours and could have more time with my family and teach and learn more about martial arts. Our re-enlistment rate soared and of course the commander was very pleased of the accomplishment. The commander put me in for the "Meritorious Service Medal", which I didn't find out until reaching my next duty station. It was nice to realize that someone from our background was given the opportunities that only the military had to offer. He wrote the citation to reflect my work from July 1971 thru June 1974. I feel the Brewer Boys proved what could be accomplished if they were given a chance. The next segment of my military career will cover the final chapter ---my duty as "Airborne Instructor Supervisor" at Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas.

-----Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, Texas-----

We left Okinawa 7 Jun 1974 and arrived at Travis AFB, California many hours later with only one layover at Hawaii for refueling. From San Francisco we flew to Detroit, Michigan. A representative from General Motors drove us to Pontiac motor Division to pickup our new Pontiac Fire bird car. We ordered it while stationed at Okinawa through a military representative. After inspecting our car we paid the cashier with a certified check, then drove to Jackson, Michigan where Pauline's sister lived. Stayed a few days in Michigan then on to Betty and J. B.'s and Lee's for a visit, then on to Mom & Dad's for a few days. We left Kentucky a few days later and headed for Texas, which took two days with one nice night stop at a motel. When we arrived at Goodfellow, I signed in with the Base NCOD and was assigned temporary quarters for us which consisted of three bedrooms, kitchenette, dining and living room all combined. We stayed there three weeks until we bought a new house in San Angelo so we could get the kids enrolled in school. I reported to my new Squadron Commander and was briefed on my duties. I was to start instructor school right away and after graduation would be assigned as "NCOIC of Airborne System School" which meant I would be responsible for seventeen instructors, equipment and building custodian. There is one thing for sure the military always received their money's worth from their NCOs. One week later I started class and found it to be very interesting and very fast paced. We were given our lesson plans and the first day each one of us had to give an impromptu presentation, but weren't given the subject until two minutes before. My subject was "Mountain Survival" and I gave them more than they asked for in my ten minutes. The classroom training was excellent and I graduated number one in my class. I always picked a subject for my presentation that I was completely familiar with. My last two consisted of martial Arts, and they put me over the top. After graduation I assumed the duties of "Group Airborne Instructor Supervisor". I briefed all new classes, scheduled building maintenance and cleaning, equipment to PMEL for calibration and was primary and alternate on many other functions, as I am sure you were also. This duty was completely different than anything I had ever accomplished in the Air Force. I always gave at least 110 % of myself to the job but the Air Force had changed without me being aware. My first indication was when I admonished a two striper for not wearing his headgear outside. He reported me to his commander and my commander said I had been to rough on the young airmen. I had learned many years before that the commander is always right, but decided then and there my military days were few. Every day at lunch I spent working out at the Gym and perfecting my martial arts. We normally had a parade at least once a month and there went a Saturday morning. I talked this all over with Pauline and finally submitted my retirement papers, put in for a three months transition leave and left for Fort Worth, Texas where I stayed with Aunt Oma & Uncle Clyde while working at a local Electronic company. After we sold our house in San Angelo, moved to a rental house in Fort Worth and before school started that year bought a nice three-

bedroom home between Fort Worth and Burleson, Texas. I quit the job and attended Real Estate school, graduated, took my State board examination and passed. Applied for work at one of the local offices but after a short time realized that working with the public was not my bag. Saw an advertisement for an Electronic Technician, applied, was hired and worked there for four years until one of my Engineering friends asked me to come work with him at Gearhart Owens of Fort Worth. He had started a small research unit and needed someone with a background in Electronics and explosives. I worked with him for seven years until oil bottomed out. Then I worked for General Dynamics as a "Technical Writer" on the F-16 Aircraft until a downsizing which forced me to either get another job or retire. I chose retirement and never, even until this day have any regrets. My wife and I spend our time doing some of the things we didn't have time for while in the 8 to 5 fast lane or 9 to 6 and or what ever schedule is in effect these days. MY belief in life is, "If you quit learning something new every day"; the days there after are wasted.

Children of Billy Brewer and Wanda Fore are:

- 4 i. Ashley Marie⁷ Brewer, born 30 Dec 1986 in Hurst/Eules, Tarrant, Texas, USA.
- 5 ii. Andrew Michael Brewer, born 15 Aug 1989 in Hurst/Eules, Tarrant, Texas, USA.